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Revision History & Notes

- *January 2000, Revised and converted to HTML and PDF formats by Carla (Paulsen) Martinek*

Jim Head recently sent me the original version of the Bawdy Song book, which I hadn't seen in years. Being the anal-retentive STC major that I am (and that's anal-retentive WITH a hyphen, thank you very much), I decided that it really needed to be updated and brought into the new millenium.

So, after a few late nights at the computer, you see before you the results. What did I do? First and foremost, I converted the whole thing into both HTML and PDF formats.

Second, I reorganized and grouped some of the songs, putting APO/Epsilon Lambda-specific songs together, MTU songs together, etc.

Finally, I did some basic desktop publishing, corrected some minor typos, and added credits where known. I hope you enjoy this. Any comments, additions, or corrections can be sent to copper6500@yahoo.com.

*In L, F, & S,
Carla (Paulsen) Martinek*

- *Summer 1987, Revised and computerized by James A. Head and J.R. Schroeder, with many thanks to John Dan "Floyd" Harvey Eilola and the Stroh Brewery.*

This all new Bawdy Song Book was engineered by myself and J.R. Schroeder. It is a collection using the resources of the Bawdy Song Book I (Bill "Berkballs" Berklich), the Bawdy Song Book II (Bill "Dr.Maggot" Bowman), John Valby (whoever and wherever he is), The Grey House Memorial Tape, and the Michigan Tech Lode.

This book represents a certain history of Michigan Tech. To some of the newer people, many of the meanings are lost because bars close and change names, professors retire, and nicknames go wherever old nicknames go.

Let's not forget the Grey House, Jasper House, Royal House, B&B Homestead, Cat House, South House, Martha's Place, Ruby House, Beer Cellar, Pink Flamingo; Spanky's, Al's Halfway, The Longshot, The D.T., The Gay Tavern, or anything else that has been or is to come. The first casualty of drinking is memory.

So let's drink, sing, and party -- and remember our brothers in the true spirit of Epsilon Lambda brotherhood: dancing on the bar, throwing up in various places, passing out in someone else's bed, and walking home in the morning.

*In good spirits (literally),
James A. Head; Derelict, Asshole*

P.S. The owner of this song book is herewith granted the right to memorize, quote, and regale the unsuspecting, unenlightened, and the unwary with the bawdy verses included herein. The publisher, however, refuses responsibility for any damages inflicted upon the reader when he or she is engaged in the recitation of such excerpts. He is also not responsible for any mental illness or acts of depravity directly related to said recitation.

- *Spring 1984, Revised Version, editors/authors unknown*

Alpha Phi Omega / Epsilon Lambda Songs

Alpha Phi Omega Toast Song

Here's to Alpha Phi Omega,
Loyal brothers we.
True to self and to each other,
Firm in loyalty.
Daily working, daily striving
Ever more to be,
Men of Alpha Phi Omega,
Our fraternity.

Brothers clasp the hands of brothers,
Strong the circle we.
Ever mindful, ever serving,
All humanity.
Now we raise our grateful voices
In our song to thee.
Men of Alpha Phi Omega,
May we always be.

(Unofficial Third Verse)
Back your girl into a corner,
Turn the lights down low.
Place one hand upon her bosom,
The other down below.
When she starts to shake and shiver,
Tell her so she'll know--
That's the secret handshake of
The men of A-Phi-O.

(Unofficial Fourth Verse, in retaliation by the female brothers to the Third Verse)
Lead your guy on to the dance floor
Press your bodies tight
Tell him what he wants to hear
That he'll get some tonight
Let him walk you to your doorstep
Let him think you're cheap

Then send him home in agony
Where he can BEAT HIS MEAT

Cheers Theme Song

From the television show "Cheers"

Makin' your way in the world today
Takes everything you've got.
Takin' a break from all your worries
Sure would help a lot.
Wouldn't you like to get away?

All those nights when you've got no lights.
The check is in the mail.
And your little Angel
Hung the cat up by its tail.
And your third fiancée didn't show.
Sometimes you want to go.

Where everybody knows your name.
And they're always glad you came.
You want to be where you can see
The troubles are all the same.
You want to be where everybody knows your name.

You roll outta bed, Mr. Coffee's dead,
The mornin's burnin' bright.
And your shrink ran off to Europe,
And didn't even write.
And your husband wants to be ... a girl.
Be glad there's one place in the world,

Where everybody knows your name,
And they're always glad you came.
You want to go where people know
People are all the same.
You want to go where everybody knows your name.

Seeger Session (part 1): Nutbush

From the "Live Bullet" album, recorded at Cobo Hall
Artist: Bob Seeger

You are here because you want the real thing.
Let's bring out Bob Seger and the Silver Bullet Band, now!

Hey, Detroit! Yeah! Whoo!

There's a church-house, jail-house,
A little schoolhouse, outhouse.
On US 19. Thirty people keep the city clean.
They call it Nutbush, ahhh, Nutbush.
Ahhh, Nutbush City, Nutbush City limits.
Twenty-five is the speed limit.
Motorcycles not allowed in.

Go to town on Saturday. Be in church every Sunday.
Love it, love it. Nutbush City, Nutbush City limits.

No whiskey for sale. Can't find a female.
Salt pork and molasses.
Oh, you're gonna get it if you end in jail.
In-a, in-a, Nutbush City, Nutbush City limits.
Little ol' town down in Tennessee. Uh!
Yeah, yeah.

(spoken)

As I told everybody last night, I was readin' in Rolling Stone,
Where they said "Detroit audiences are the greatest
Rock and roll audiences in the world."(audience cheers)
I thought to myself, "Shit, I've known that for ten years!"

Ya' better watch out for the police,
If you're drivin' into Nutbush.
Better watch out for the police,
If you cruise into Nutbush.
Keep an eye out for the police, keep an eye for the police.
Keep an eye out for the police, keep an eye for the police. Uh!
Better keep an eye. Ya' better keep an eye! Ooh!
Baby, baby, baby, baby, better keep an eye.
Said, look out, ya' better keep an eye.

Thank you! Thank you! Whoo! Thank you very much.
Coupla' new songs from my new LP we'd like to do for you tonight.
This first one's called Travelin' Man.

Seger Session (part 2): Travelin' Man

Up with the sun, gone with the wind.
She always said I was lazy.
Leavin' my home, leavin' my friends,
Runnin' when things get too crazy.
Out to the road, out 'neath the stars,
Feelin' the breeze, passin' the cars.

Women have come, women have gone,
Every one trying to cage me.
Some were so sweet, I barely got free.
Others, they only enraged me.
Sometimes at night, I see their faces,
I feel the traces they left on my soul.

And those are the memories that make me a wealthy soul.
I tell you those are the memories that make me a wealthy soul.

Travelin' man, love when I can. Turn loose my hand 'cuz I'm goin'.
Travelin' man, love when I can. Cuz' sooner or later, I'm goin'.
Awww, travelin' man. Travelin' man.

Sometimes at night I see their faces,
I feel the traces they left on my soul.
And those are the memories that make me a wealthy soul.
Tell you those are the memories that make me a wealthy soul.
Yeah. Travelin' man, yeah. Come on! Ah, yeah.
Gotta keep on movin'. Keep right on movin'. Ah, yeah.

Seeger Session (part 3): Beautiful Loser

He wants to dream like a young man, with the wisdom of an old man.
He wants his home and security.
He wants to live like a sailor at sea.
Beautiful loser!!!
Where you gonna fall,
when you realize you just don't need it all.

He's your oldest and your best friend.
If you need him, he'll be there again.
He's always willing to be second best,
A perfect lodger, a perfect guest.

Beautiful loser!!!
Read it on the wall,
Then realize you just don't need it all.

Hey, you just don't need it allllll, you don't need it all.
Ahhhhhhh, don't need it all.

Hey! You can try, but you can't have it all, oh, no. No.
He'll never make any enemies, enemies.
He won't complain if he's caught on his knees again, no.
He'll always ask, he'll always say please.

Beautiful loser, never take it all,
'Cuz it's easier and faster when you fall.
You just don't need it all.
You just don't need it all.

You just don't need it all.

Service*

We of Alpha Phi Omega know how to care,
We show our love each day of every year.
And if we hear a cry for aid,
We'll be there, come sunshine or come rain.

We are made for service to care for each other.
We are made to love each sister and brother,
With love that will last through sorrow or pain,
A love that will never die of strain.

Life can be so lonely when nobody cares.
Life can be so empty when nobody shares.
But we give ourselves both time and again.
And we know that our brotherhood will live.

*This song was first introduced at the activation of the Carol Hainline Pledge Class in the Fall of 1983. It was sung by Leslie Raker and Valerie Leveille (no relation to Leisure). They wrote the first verse; the rest is from a hymn they found by the same name.

Captain Duncan's Raiders*

We're Captain Duncan's Raiders.
We're raiders of the night.

We're dirty sons-of-bitches,
We'd rather fuck than fight.
Roly-poly, dick-in-the-hole,
Up the slimy slew.
We're Captain Duncan's raiders,
And we will steal for you.

We're Captain Duncan's fieldhands.
We work all seven days.
We're underpaid, we never get laid,
We eat off plastic trays.
Fuckin' skeeters bite our peters,
Really makes us sick.
Oh, Captain Duncan, won't you suck my fuckin' dick!

Dedicated to brother Berkely P. Duncan of Wright's Lake fame,
past National Vice President, and National Member-at-LARGE.

Michigan Tech / Copper Country / Pep Band Songs

Michigan Tech Fight Song

We'll fight Tech, fight Engineers,
For banners bright Engineers.
The northern hills will sound our cry,
We'll ring your praise to the sky.

So fight Tech, fight Engineers,
For right with might Engineers.
We'll win the game, the glorious name,
Of the Michigan, Michigan, Michigan Engineers.

The Tech Engineer's Song

My father was a miner on the upper Malemute.
My mother was a hostess in a house of ill repute.
And at the tender age of three they threw me on my ear.
There was nothing left for me to do but become an engineer.

Chorus:

We are, we are, we are, we are, we are the Engineers.
We can, we can, we can, we can, drink all of forty beers.
Drink up, drink up, drink up, drink up and come along with us.
'Cuz we don't give a damn for any man who don't give a damn for us.

Now, my mother peddles opium, my father's on the dole.
My sister used to walk the streets, but now she's on parole.
My brother runs a restaurant with some bedrooms in the rear.
But they don't talk to me, I'm just a GOD-DAMN engineer.

(Chorus)

Godiva was a lady who through Coventry did ride,
To show all the villagers her pink and pearly hide.
The most observant fellow was an engineer, of course.
He was the only one who noticed that Godiva rode a horse.
(NO Chorus)

"I've come a long, long way," she said, "and if any man has come as far,
He'll take me off this God-damn horse, and lead me to a bar."
The two men that took her from her steed and stood her to a beer,
Were a blurry-eyed surveyor and a drunken engineer.

(Chorus)

Now, Venus is a statue made entirely out of stone.
There's not a fig leaf on her, she's as naked as a bone.
On seeing her arms were broken, an engineer discoursed,
"Why, the damn thing's broken concrete and it should be reinforced."

(Chorus)

Sir Francis Drake and all his men sailed out for Misery Bay,
They heard a Spanish rum fleet was headed out that way.
But the engineers had beaten them by a night and half a day,
And though drunk as hooligans, you could hear them say, "Hey!"

(Chorus)

Julius Ceasar went to Egypt at the age of fifty-three,
But Cloepatra's blood was red, her heart was warm and free.
And every night when Julius said good-bye at one-o'clock,
There was a Roman engineer waiting just around the block.

(Chorus)

The Army and the Navy were looking for some fun,
Down to the village where the fiery liquor runs.
But all they found were empties, for the engineers had come,
They had traded all their instruments for fiery kegs fo rum.

(Chorus)

A dolly and an engineer were sitting in the park,
The engineer was busy doing research after dark.
His scientific method was a marvel to observe.
While his right hand wrote the figures down,
His left hand traced the curves.

(Chorus)

Some folks die of ulcers, and some from drinking beer,
Some diseases are explained, and some we have to fear.
Of all the world's diseases, the one that I most fear,
Is to go to Tech, become a wreck, and wind up an engineer.

(Chorus)

An Artsman and an Engineer sat down with a gallon can,
Said the Artsman to the Engineer, "Out-drink me if you can."
The Artsman took one drink, he died; his face a moldy green,
But the Engineer kept drinking. It was only gasoline!

(Chorus)

I died at M.T.U. and was buried in the snow.
They laid a slide rule at my feet at thirty-three below.
They told Doc Berry that I'd died and had been laid to rest.
He said I'd have to come at a later date to take my chemistry test.
(NO Chorus)

Now old Doc Berry, being the dear old man he is,
Searched me out in Hell and gave me that God-damn chemistry quiz.
Satan said with no surprise, "Doc Berry's come again.
He's been fucking up the freshmen since I can't remember when!"

(Chorus)

Jesus saves his money in the Bank of Montreal,
Jesus saves his money in the Bank of Montreal,

Jesus saves his money in the Bank of Montreal,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves, Jesus saves.
(NO Chorus)

Jesus saves his money, but he won't save me or you,
Jesus saves his money, but he won't save me or you,
Jesus saves his money, but he won't save me or you,
He's a Jew, he's a Jew, he's a Jew.

(Chorus)

I left my hometown high school to come to M.T.U.
They told me it was north of here and that was all I knew.
For fifty days and fifty nights I drove through sleet and snow,
But now I'm at the North Pole and there's nowhere else to go.

(Chorus)

I came to Mother Wadsworth in the fall of '63.
I found I had three roommates that were just as gross as me.
And all throughout that mighty year, we had ourselves a ball,
With what we knew we didn't need the local girls at all.

(Chorus)

Now the girls at M.T.U., well they're few and far between,
There are ten men here for every girl, a ratio that's obscene.
And all the girls have waiting lists, of this you can be sure,
So a trip back home to Detroit remains the only cure.

(Chorus)

I took my trusty shotgun and I left from Hoton town,
I roamed the hills and trudged the swamps and wandered all around.
North by east by fifty miles and fifty miles again,
I'm lost in this God-damn swamp and I'll never see home again.

(Chorus)

The Techmen and the Coeds; they were lookin' for some beer,
SPANKY'S BAR was well supplied, of this they had no fear.
When the toots walked into SPANKY'S, they all let out a roar,
For the barmaid there was something that they'd never seen before.

(Chorus)

The Coeds at DA TECH, they are as ugly as a bear,
You cannot see their faces for their stringy, kinky hair.
They wallow in the mudholes, they graze on Coed Hill,
They can crush a ton of bricks just by standing very still.

(Chorus)

Columbus sailed the ocean blue in fourteen-ninety-four,
He sailed on up the Portage Lake, right up to TECH's back door.
He thought he'd found the land of silk and spice and wine,
But all he ever found was a dirty copper mine.

(Chorus)

My mother was a miner on the upper Malemute,
My father was a pervert in a house of ill repute.
They taught me how to gross and belch and chug and be uncouth,
And when they didn't know the score, they called for Uncle Ruth.

(Chorus)

A bunch of guys from MSU came up to Michigan Tech.
They challenged us to a drinking match---the first one on the deck.
We tapped three kegs, then four, then five, then only tapped one more,
'Cuz all the guys from MSU were laying on the floor.

(Chorus)

In sixty-four a dedicated hockey fan was me,
I braved the icy cold down in the stadium of Dee.
That year the hockey jocks showed us just how well they could play,
With the Western League, the McNaughton Cup, and the N.C. double A.

(Chorus)

We are, we are, we are, we are, we are the engineers,
Too bad if we offended you with any of our cheers.
Sometimes we get too rowdy and a little out of hand,
But we're all still proud as Hell to be part of the Husky Band.

(Chorus)

I decided Tech life was the kind of life for me.
I bought a Jeep, a pair of skis, and a TI-53.
I braved the cold, the dorm food, and the lack of women here.
I lived like a monk, became a drunk, and a damn good engineer.

(Chorus)

Now economics is a course that really is a bore.
Everyone but Business Ad's are snoozing on the floor.
And English is a subject that a toot just cannot pass,
A literary concept is a thing beyond his grasp.

(Chorus)

When Playboy took a college poll to see who drank the most,
They found that Michigan Tech had by far the greatest boast.
With statistics set in front of them they found to their surprise,
If Tech were in Milwaukee, Milwaukee would be dry.

(Chorus)

Snowstorms in the Northland, they tend to be severe.
To make matters even worse, they come most of the year.
An engineer at MTU, he doesn't have to fear:
He just kicks back and waits it out, and has another beer.

(Chorus)

We are the women engineers of famous Michigan Tech,
And to our male competitors, we say, "Oh, what the Heck!"
We're here for schooling and the drinking just the same as you,
If you don't like our style -- THEN MOVE TO CMU!

(Chorus)

Mont Ripley is a challenge, it's darn near suicide,
Whenever someone mentions it, I just creep off and hide.
Some of my friends go down the hill, I think they're rather strange.
For me to even think of it, I'd have to be deranged.

(Chorus)

I decided Tech life was the kind of life for me.
I bought a Jeep, a pair of skis, and a TI-53.
I braved the cold, the dorm food, and the lack of women kind,
To find a girl I'll love for life I'll have to stand in line.

(Chorus)

I told my folks I was going north to become an engineer,

But all I do is hunt and ski and drink kegs of beer.
Until the day all tests are over and final grades come in,
That's the day I start to cry, then head for Al's again.

(Chorus)

I came to Tech to be an engineer and find a wife,
But little did I realize, I'd be here half my life.
I have no fear that someday I'll become an engineer,
However, I've become so crude that women won't come near.

(Chorus)

My parents sent me off to Tech in 1972.
They said be sure to study hard, but come back when you're through.
I found out that I liked it here; on dorm food I did thrive.
Perhaps I'll stay for Tech's centennial -- 1985!

(Chorus)

A girl at Tech will someday be an engineer,
But up until that time what she will do is clear.
The Longshot first, then Al's Halfway, and then I'd better not say,
For if Mother knew, and Father knew, there'd sure be Hell to pay.

(Chorus)

There is a physics professor who calls himself Chimino,
His perfectly round circles are considered rather neat.
For those of us who have never seen his very best,
We need only wait until we flunk our physics test.

(Chorus)

We make our home in Wadworth Hall; they pack us three per room.
It sometimes gets disgusting, but we're never long in gloom.
They call us gross, degenerate, and Minnesota Crude,
We pass the time by belching, chewing snuff, and being lewd.

(Chorus)

Your Mama was a Mopar and your Daddy was a Ford,
Your sister is a slut who has been stroked and over-bored.
Your grandma was a tractor and your grandpa was a tug,
But you're the goddamn lowest, your drive a stinkin' BUG!

(Chorus)

We traveled 'cross the Big Mac way back in 1981,
We wanted to be engineers, we heard it was lots of fun.
We left our hometown sweethearts, our Mommies, and our Pops,
But no one ever told us about those Seney cops!

(Chorus)

My roommate chews tobacco, the other wears a dress.
The room is such a pigsty, just how bad you cannot guess.
With pizza boxes stacked up, we do not need a loft,
We throw some dirty socks on top just to make it soft.

(Chorus)

The Portage is a sewer, and Hancock is a drag.
Soumi (Screw-me) girls will always lay, but I suggest you take a bag.
I wish Florida was closer, I wish Detroit was near,
But Hoton is the price you pay for becoming an engineer.

(Chorus)

My mother is a hooker, my father is a fag,
My brother shot his wife just because she is a nag.
My sister is a Hippie, but they call me a creep.
Because I am an engineer I'm considered the "Blacksheep".

(Chorus)

One fine day a Toot and Twig sat down to do a task,
They both drank pure grain alcohol from an Erlenmeyer flask.
By the time that they had finished it had eaten through the glass,
So they shouldered up their bookbags and they headed off to class.
(NO Chorus)

The library was crowded and the Univac was down again,
So they headed to the liquor store; bought whiskey, rum, and gin,
Then beer, wine, schnapps, and vodka, and mixed it all in a can.
After it was emptied, they headed for their exam.

(Chorus)

The snow was piled high up to the second story roof.
My truck is buried ten feet deep, that means I'll have to hoof.
My thumb got frostbit yesterday, I could not hitch a ride.

Today I'll take a case of Strohs, I'm not above a bribe.

(Chorus)

The girls in lower Wadsworth have never seen daylight.
Their rooms have revolving doors, they're busy every night.
Their mouths are always open and their legs are always spread.
There is a new coin changer on each and every bed.

(Chorus)

The slopes of Ol' Mont Ripley are covered all with stones.
What that means to you and me is lots of broken bones.
My K2's are a shambles, my poles are strangely bent,
Blue cross took away my card until I swear to repent.

(Chorus)

The guys that go to Hoton Tech rarely ever get laid,
The only girls that'll give 'em a chance are usually prepaid.
The older guys already know, you don't need to steal a lamb,
Just line up outside the door of a DZ or Alpha Gam.

(Chorus)

You can't study at The Library, but you can down a few.
Double Bubble at the D.T. brings the weekend in on cue.
The B&B has pickled eggs, the Dog House beer is great,

They all keep you in a stumbling, falling, red-eyed, drunken state.

(Chorus)

A C.C. Cruise is welcome any weekend of the year.
A beater car, a girl or two, and lots and lots of beer.
With K-Day, Spring-Fling, Homecoming, and Winter Carnival,
It's a wonder anybody ever graduates at all.

(Chorus)

I went into the Ad. Building to drop a class or two,
And pay a bill and see Dean Meese was all I had to do.
I wandered 'round in circles for forty nights and days,
Without a way that leads out, it's the world's most perfect maze.

(Chorus)

Copper Country Anthem (The Blue Skirt Waltz)

I dream of that night with you,
Darling, when we first met.
We danced in a world of blue.
How can my heart forget?

Blue were the skies, and blue were her eyes,
Just like the blue skirt she wore.
Come back, blue lady, come back;
Don't be blue any more.

No Beer

In Heaven there is no beer;
That's why we drink it here.
And when we're gone from here,
Our friends will be drinking all our beer.

In Heaven there is no snow;
That's why we want to go.
And when it's ten below,
Our friends will be freezing in the snow.

In Heaven there are no refs;
But here they're blind and deaf.
And when we all have left,
Our friends will be bitchin' at the refs.

In Heaven there is no sex;
That's why we use Brand X.
And when our number's next,
Our friends will be having all our sex.

In Heaven there is no pot;
That's why we smoke a lot.
And when we die and rot,
Our friends will be smoking all our pot.

In Heaven there is no chew;
That's why we spit at you.
And when we're gone to blue,
Our friends will be spittin' all our chew.

In Heaven there are no bars;
That's why we drink in cars.
And when we go to the stars,
Our friends will be drinking in their cars.

Wadsworth Dormitory*

On a dark Northern highway, freezin' wind in my hair,
Cold smell of Wad's dorm food risin' up through the air.
Up ahead in the distance, I saw my worst fear:
I had reached the University--I was stuck here for the year.

There she stood in the doorway, a snowcow with her bell.
And I was thinkin' to myself,
"This couldn't be heaven, it must be hell."
Then she bit into a Snickers and pushed me out of the way.
There were voices down the corridor,
I thought I heard them say

"Welcome to the Wadsworth Dormitory,
Such an atrocity (full of insanity).
Three people per room at the Wadsworth Dormitory.
Any time of year, you can find it here."

Her mind was chemistry twisted, she's got the biology bends,
She's got a lot of hard-up boys, that she calls friends.
How they dance in the lunchroom, some reek of sweat,
Some dance to remember, some dance to forget.

So I called up the R.A.,
"Please open my door."
He said "We haven't had the key to that room
Since 1964."
And still the R.A. is yelling at us every day
Pounding on your door in the middle of the night,
Just so he can say:

"I know you're new at the Wadsworth Dormitory,
What a lousy place (what a rotten place).
No livin' it up at the Wadsworth Dormitory.
Keep your stereo low, or out the door you'll go."

Posters on the ceiling, Old Milwaukee on ice,
And the R.A. said, "you'd better have a permit here,

A false one won't suffice!"
And in the cafeteria, they gathered for the feast?
They stab it with their butter knives,
But they just can't kill the beast.

Last thing I remember, I was runnin' for the door.
I had just taken a chemistry test,
And I couldn't stand it any more.
"Relax," said my roommate, "Here's what I've seen,"
You can pass any class you want,
Just bring your own Vaseline."

written by
Carla (Paulsen) Martinek (S/85 Pledge Class)
and Donna (Zalensas) Walen (F 85 Pledge Class)
during Spring 1985 (full story avail.

The Yooper Song*

I'm a Yooper, he's a Yooper, she's a Yooper.
What's a Yooper?!
Wouldn't you like to be a Yooper, too?
Be a Yooper.
Drink Beer!!!!

*As sung by the Huskie Pep Band.

The Yooper Hillbillies

Let me tell you a story 'bout a man named Jed,
Poor Detroiter, barely kept his family fed.
And then one day, he was holdin' up a store,
A cop came in and he ran out the door.
Back door .
Alley side .
Fleein' the fuzz.

The first thing you know, ol' Jed's a wanted man.
The kinfolk said, "Jed, move to No-Man's Land."
They said, "Upper Michigan's the place you want to stay."
So he loaded up his Chevy and he moved to Dollar Bay.
Keweenaw, that is ...
Icebergs ...

Hockey games.

The Yooper Hillbillies.

Beer Barrel Polka

Roll out the barrel,
We'll have a barrel of fun.
Roll out the barrel,
We've got the blues on the run.
Zing, boom, ta-ra-ra,
Sing out a song of good cheer.
So we'll all roll out the barrel,
'Cuz the gang's all here.

Da Yoopers

See the Da Yoopers web site to purchase these fine songs!
All songs in this section copyright by Da Yoopers, and no infringement is intended, nor is any profit made. (A bit of legalese to cover our backsides, eh.)

Second Week of Deer Camp

It's the second week of deer camp, I got a swollen head.
I'm lying with the dustballs underneath my bed.
An icy breeze is blowing in through the tongue and groove.
My pants are frozen to the floor, and I'm too sick to move.
I didn't drink too many, only thirty cans of beer.
It must have been that last shot that put me under here.

It's the second week of deer camp, and all the guys are here.
We drink, play cards and shoot the bull, but never shoot no deer.
The only time we leave the camp is when we go for beer.
The second week of deer camp is the greatest time of year!

I remember playing poker, that weasel must have won.
He's wearing me new swampers and sleeping with my gun.
He's snoring like a chain saw, the camp smells like a dump.
Someone's dirty underwear is hanging on the pump.
Mukku's in the wood box, Eener's passed out on the stove.
His flannel shirt is smoking, I wonder if he knows.

It's the second week of deer camp, and all the guys are here.
We drink, play cards and shoot the bull, but never shoot no deer.
The only time we leave the camp is when we go for beer.
The second week of deer camp is the greatest time of year!

Vito's crawling through the door, I think he got frostbite.
He passed out in the outhouse, and he's been there since last night.
Then Goofus stumbles through the door, he says he got a buck.
He was coming from the wayside and he killed it with his truck.
The Musti cracks a beer and says, "It's time to celebrate!"
Goofus got the first buck since 1968.

It's the second week of deer camp, and all the guys are here.
We drink, play cards and shoot the bull, but never shoot no deer.
The only time we leave the camp is when we go for beer.
The second week of deer camp is the greatest time of year!

Second Week of Deer Camp (Part 2)

Hey Joe, where are you? If you can't hear me, just say something!
Where the heck am I? Oh, I remember now...

I wake up in the woodshed with 2000 empty beers.
I came looking for a full one and I musta passed out here.
I crawl out through the door and I run smack into a buck.
He was eating all the apples from the back of Rudy's truck.
I grab him by the back legs, and he drags me through the snow.
But when he jumps a barb wire fence I have to let him go.

It's the second week of deer camp, there's one more day to go.
We haven't had a shave or bath since 14 days ago.
The empties pile is growing and nobody got a deer.
But there's only 50 weeks to go and we'll be back out here.

I go crawling down the road and Alley Oop comes whizzing by.
For a guy that weighs 300 pounds that Oop can really fly.
I take a look behind me and here comes a big black bear.
If I make it back to camp I'll have to change my underwear.
The bear goes by the both of us and runs right through the door.
He's breaking up the card game, it sounds just like a war.

It's the second week of deer camp, there's one more day to go.
We haven't had a shave or bath since 14 days ago.
The empties pile is growing and nobody got a deer.
But there's only 50 weeks to go and we'll be back out here.

Bruno's cooking bear meat, but no one wants to eat.
'Cause everything that Bruno cooks smells like Mungo's feet.
The poker game's still going and the beer is getting low.
All around the deer camp, there's a ring of yellow snow.
The bucks we won at poker are the only bucks we got.
We spent two weeks in deer camp and never fired a shot.

It's the second week of deer camp, there's one more day to go.
We haven't had a shave or bath since 14 days ago.
The empties pile is growing and nobody got a deer.
There's only 50 weeks to go and we'll be back out here.

It's the second week of deer camp there's one more day to go.
We haven't had a shave or bath since 14 days ago.
The empties pile is growing and nobody got a deer.
There's only 50 weeks to go and we'll be back out here.

Grandpa Got Run Over By a Beer Truck

(to the tune of Grandma Got Run Over By a Reindeer)

Grandpa got run over by a beer truck (beer truck)
Coming out of Woody's Christmas Day (day)
Grandma got a job out at the brewery
I never knew that she could drive that way

Grandpa was out drinking with the floozies (babes)
Spending all of Grandma's hard earned dough (raha)
He didn't have enough to pay the bar tab (uh-oh)
So Woody tossed him out into the snow (aaaah!)

Grandpa stood there frozen in the headlights
He looked just as helpless as a deer
I don't think he was afraid of dying (uh-uh)
I think he was afraid he'd spill his beer (no!)

Grandpa got run over by a beer truck
Coming out of Woody's Christmas Day
Grandma got a job out at the brewery
I never knew that she could drive that way

Who'd have thought he'd end up as a road kill (I do)
She flattened him right on the center line (ughh!)
He could have made it to the curb if he were quicker (go, Gramps, go!)

But she backed it up and squashed him one more time (owwww!)

Grandma cried and cried at Grandpa's funeral
Not because we peeled him off the road
All the loot she got from his insurance
Went to pay the bar tab that he owed

Grandpa got run over by a beer truck
Coming out of Woody's Christmas Day
Grandma got a job out at the brewery
I never knew that she could drive that way
I never knew that she could drive that way
I never knew that she could drive that way

Rusty Chevrolet

(To the tune of Jingle Bells)

Dashing through the snow, in my rusty Chevrolet
Down the road I go, sliding all the way
I need new piston rings, I need some new snow tires
My car is held together by a piece of chicken wire

Oh, rust and smoke, the heater's, broke the door just blew away
I light a match to see the dash, and then I start to pray
The frame is bent, the muffler went, the radio it's OK
Oh what fun it is to drive this rusty Chevrolet!

I went to the IGA, to get some christmas cheer
I just passed up my left front tire and it's getting hard to steer
Skidding down the highway, right past the Negaunee cops
I had to drag my swampers to get the car to stop

Oh, rust and smoke, the heater's, broke the door just blew away
I light a match to see the dash, and then I start to pray
The frame is bent, the muffler went, the radio it's OK
Oh what fun it is to drive this rusty Chevrolet!

Bouncing through the snowdrifts in a big blue cloud of smoke
People laugh as I drive by, I wonder "What's the joke?"
I got to get to Shopko, to pick up the layaway
'Cause Santa Claus is coming soon in his big old rusty sleigh

Oh, rust and smoke, the heater's, broke the door just blew away
I light a match to see the dash, and then I start to pray

The frame is bent, the muffler went, the radio it's OK
Oh what fun it is to drive this rusty Chevrolet!

Rust and smoke, the heater's, broke the door just blew away
I light a match to see the dash, and then I start to pray
The frame is bent, the muffler went, the radio it's OK
Oh what fun it is to drive this rusty Chevrolet!

Other

Lumberjack Song

(from Monty Python's Flying Circus)

I'm a lumberjack and I'm okay.
I sleep all night and I work all day,

He's a lumberjack and he's okay.
He sleeps all night and he works all day.

I cut down trees; I eat my lunch.
I go to the lavat'ry.
On Wednesday I go shoppin',
And have buttered scones for tea.

He cuts down trees; he eats his lunch.
And goes to the lavat'ry.
On Wednesday he goes shoppin',
And has buttered scones tor tea.

I cut down trees, I skip and jump,
I like to press wild flowers.
I put on women's clothing,
And hang around in bars.

He cuts down trees, he skips and jumps,
He likes to press wild flowers.
He puts on women's clothing,
And hangs around in bars?

I cut down trees, I wear high heels,
Suspenders and a bra.
I wish I'd been a girlie,

Just like my dear Papa.

He cuts down trees, he wears high heels?
Suspenders and a bra?

They're Coming to Take Me Away

Artist: Napoleon XIV

Written by: N. Bonaparte aka Jerry Samuels

Remember when you ran away, and I got on my knees,
And begged you not to go because I'd go berserk?
Well, you left me anyhow, and then the days got worse and worse.
And now, you see, I've gone completely out of my mind.

And they're coming to take me away, ha-ha.
They're coming to take me away, ho-ho.
Hee-hee, ha-ha, to the funny farm,
Where life is beautiful all the time.
And I'll be happy to see those nice young men
In their clean, white coats.
And they're coming to take me away, ha-ha.

You thought it was a joke, and so you laughed.
You laughed when I had said that losing you
Would make me flip my lid, right?
You laughed, you laughed and laughed, and then you left.
But now you know I'm utterly mad!

And they're coming to take me away, ha-ha.
They're coming to take me away, ho-ho.
Hee-hee, ha-ha, to the happy home,
With trees, and flowers, and chirping birds,
And basket weavers, who sit, and smile,
And twiddle their thumbs and toes.
And they're coming to take me away, ha-ha.

I cooked your food. I cleaned your house.
And this is how you pay me back.
For all my kind, unselfish, loving deeds, huh?
Well you just wait, they'll find you yet.
And when they do, they'll put you in the A.S.P.C.A.,
You mangy mutt!

They're coming to take me away, ha-ha.

They're coming to take me away, ho-ho.
Hee-hee, to the funny farm,
Where life is beautiful all the time.
And I'll be happy to see those nice young men
In their clean, white coats.

And they're coming to take me away to the happy home,
With trees, and flowers, and chirping birds,
And basket weavers, who sit, and smile,
And twiddle their thumbs and toes.

And they're coming to take me away, ha-ha,
To the funny farm, where life is beautiful all the time.
And I'll be happy to see those nice young men
In their clean white coats.

And they're coming to take me away, ha-ha.

Delta Chi Pledge

From the movie Animal House

Pledgemaster: I, state your name.
Pledges: I, state your name.

Pledgemaster: Do hereby pledge allegiance to the frat.
Pledges: Do hereby pledge allegiance to the frat.

Pledgemaster: With liberty and fraternity for all.
Pledges: Amen.

Why Don't We Get Drunk and Screw

Artist: Jimmy Buffet
Written by: M. Gardens

I really do appreciate the fact you're sittin' here.
Voice sounds so wonderful, but your face don't look too clear.
So, barmaid, bring a pitcher, another round of brew.
Well, honey, why don't we get drunk and screw.
Well I just bought a waterbed; sealed it up with Elmer's Glue.
They say you were a stud queen.
Honey, I don't think that's true.
So why don't we get drunk and screw.

Why don't we get stoned and screw.
I just found a little good Columbian herb,
We'll smoke it all, me and you.
After all of that shit, neither one of us can move!
Well Honey why don't we get drunk and screw.
Yeah now Baby, why don't we get drunk and screw.

Tom the Toad

(to the tune of "O, Christmas Tree / O, Tannenbaum")

Chorus:

Oh, Tom the toad. Oh, Tom the toad.
Why did you hop out on the road.
Oh, Tom the toad. Oh, Tom the toad.
Why did you hop out on the road.

You didn't see that passing car,
That squished you right into the tar.

(Chorus)

You didn't see that passing bus,
That turned you into a pile of pus.

(Chorus)

When you saw that semi, you froze.
It squished your guts out through your nose.

(Chorus)

You didn't think there would be trouble.
Now your head is oozing, and your body bubbles.

(Chorus)

You didn't see that 10-year-old brat.
That bashed you with his baseball bat.

(Chorus)

Do Wah Diddy Diddy

As heard in the movie "Stripes"

Artist: Mannfred Mann's Earth Band

Written by: Jeff Barry, Ellie Greenwich

There she was just a walking down the street,
Singin' do wa ditty ditty dum ditty doo.
Both of her boobies were a bouncing to the beat,
Singing do wa ditty ditty dum ditty doo.
Looked good, looked good.
Looked fine, looked fine.
Looked good, looked fine
She made my pecker start to climb.

There she was, just a rippin' off my clothes,
Singing do wa ditty ditty dum ditty doo.
Next thing I know her twat is hoverin' by my nose,
Singing do wa ditty ditty dum ditty doo.
Smells good, smells good.
Tastes great, tastes great.
Smells good, tastes great.
She was the best I ever ate.

Now we're together nearly every single night,
Singing do wa ditty ditty dum ditty doo.
Gotta keep fuckin' until we get it right,
Singing do wa ditty ditty dum ditty doo.
Smells good, smells good.
Tastes great, tastes great.
Smells good, tastes great.
Now I don't have to masterbate.

Dorm Food

(To the tune of "Sounds of Silence" by Simon and Garfunkel)

Hello, Buella, my old friend,
I've come to bitch at you again.
Because a substance softly seeping,
Left its taste while I was sleeping.
And the taste that was planted on my tongue
Was that of dung.
It was the taste of Dorm food.

In restless sleep I tossed alone,

Rolling on my kidney stone.
Neath the shadow of a food tray,
I threw my carrots and my meat away.
As my throat was stabbed by the taste of the lemonade,
Lower grade,
It fit the taste of dorm food.

In the noonday light I saw
Ten-thousand Tech-men, maybe more.
Tech-men leaning on the table,
Standing up if they are able,
Some even tasted the chili if they dared.
None were spared
From the taste of dorm food.

"Fools," said I, "you do not know--
Dorm food, like a cancer, grows.
Hear my words, that I might teach you.
Smell my breath, that it might reach you."
But my words, like silent bullshit, fell,
Drowned in the smell of dorm food.

And the tech-men wept and cried,
From the pain they felt inside.
As their guts shouted out a warning,
With the gasses they were forming;
As the belches and farts go floating down the hall,
telling all:
Beware! of the taste of dorm food.

Life is like a shit sandwich---
The more bread you have,
the less shit you have to eat!

Undergrad Blues

So you want to go to college? I'll tell you what to do:
First you need a little time, like a year or two,
Or three, or six.
Nine sounds fine.

Then you need a little money, and a whole lot more.
I don't mean hundreds, I mean figures of four,

Or five, or six,
Nine sounds fine.

You arrive at some school way out in the sticks.
A half-night's sleep and you're up at six.
With a bunch of other guys, you're standing in line.
And the clerk says "The window doesn't open 'til nine."
And you're hungover, poppin' bromo,
Gotta' go to the can.
OH FINE!

Now to the bookstore to get them books.
Give the checkout girl those dirty looks.
As she flattens out your wallet, you read the sign:
"Pencils—Nineteen ninety-nine. Ecology-minded.
Pollution-free. Safe for children.
No lead.

You're eatin' at the dorm, and it ain't too bad,
'Til your bladder and your colon say "We've been had!"
And before the clock chimes, it's the nine-o'clock tally.
You're playin' shepherd in the porcelain valley.
On you knees, huggin that fixture,
Callin' sheep. BLEAHHHHHGGGGGGHHHHH!

First day of school, your head in a cloud,
You trot off to class with the rest of the crowd.
The prof brings you down with his opening line:
"Of the forty of you, I'll pass only nine.
And there you sit, checkin' the odds,
Thirty-nine Einsteins, and you:
DUHHHH!

Eight years later, it's your senior year.
"One more course, and I'm out of here."
Got a term paper due, but that's okay--
The deadline's at least four hours away.
Haven't picked a topic yet. Got some ideas, though.
Better finish my beer, helps me think,
About next term.

Dear Abby

Dear Abby, dear Abby, well what can I say,
I'm stuck at DA TECH and I've never been laid.

It surely can't be because I haven't tried.
I think that my testicles both have run dry.
Signed, JUST BEATEN.

Chorus:
JUST BEATEN, JUST BEATEN, you have no complaint.
You are what you are and you ain't what you ain't.
So listen up Buster and listen up good.
Stop wishin' for bad luck and beat off on wood.
Signed, Dear Abby

Dear Abby, dear Abby, I'm alone and forlorn.
I'm stuck at DA TECH here without any porn.
The last copy of Playboy, it came in July.
If I don't see a Penthouse I fear I will die.
Signed, RAY SMITH

(Chorus)(Dear Yukon:)

Dear Abby, dear Abby, my lips are so good.
The guys that I know they don't do (ooh, agh!) what they should.
They chase me all day just to ride on my hips.
It sure would be nice if they'd lick my sweet lips.
Signed, MORE CAVITIES

(Chorus)

Dear Abby, dear Abby, I fart all the time.
It's gettin' so bad that my life's on the line.
I stink all the day and I smell all the night.
I wish that my cheeks were a little more tight.
Signed, GAS PASSER

(Chorus)

Dear Abby, dear Abby, I shave everyday.
But my teeth are so hairy. It's not going away.
It's not 'cuz it grows there, but from what I eat.
Well, I guess that it's better than beatin' my meat.
Signed, TOOTH PICKER

(Chorus)

Dear Abby, dear Abby, it's a president's fate.
To be a young lady like U-of-M's Kate.
Last month it passed by just a little too late.

I fear that it could have been our last date.
Signed, THE GREY HOUSE

(Chorus)

Dear Abby, dear Abby, well I must confess.
I have a perversion for humongous breasts.
The problem I face (well it's one with the rest);
I feel a cow's bosom is one of the best.
Signed, MOO U

(Chorus)

Dear Abby, dear Abby, all song they decay.
Tis' the last verse of this song I'm sorry to say.
The booze is all gone and we're all running dry.
We're off to the bar so we bid you good-bye.
Signed, TECH'S CHAPTER

(Chorus)

Sung by the Grey House Quartet.
Have you got a hard-on? Not yet.
Are you gonna get one? You bet!
And let it grow!

Words by: Bill Berkballs Berklich
Timothy P. Mahoney
Tom The Catalyst Suszek
Dave Jaegermaki Jaeger

The Chicago Department Store

Chorus:
I used to work in Chicago, in a department store.
I used to work in Chicago, I did but I don't anymore.

A lady came in, she asked for some candy.
"What kind of candy?" I said.
"Sucker." she said. So suck her I did.
I did but I don't anymore.

(Chorus)

A lady came in, she asked for a beverage.

"What kind of beverage?" I said.
"Liquor," she said. So lick her, I did.
I did but I don't anymore.

(Chorus)

A lady came in, she asked for some cake.
"What kind of cake?" I said.
"Layer," she said. So lay her I did.
I did but I don't anymore.

(Chorus)

A lady came in, she asked for a motor.
"What kind of motor?" I said.
"Blower," she said. So blow her I did.
I did but I don't anymore.

(Chorus)

A lady came in, she asked for a paint remover.
"What kind of remover?" I said.
"Stripper," she said. So strip her I did.
I did but I don't anymore.

4 and 20 Virgins

Back, back a long, long time ago in the land of What in the village of Knot there lived the Royal family of the Kingdom. And this year, the year of years, the royal prince was just coming of age. To christen the event, the King decided to have a Royal Ball. It would be the biggest ball ever, and it would also be a truly grand celebration; for the King and Queen sent invitations to all of the beautiful virgins in the realm. As the big day approached, preparations were lavish, the food was plentiful, and the spirits were truly the best (mostly Jack Daniels and someone's 12-year old friend). And just to assure that the ball went well, the King ordered everything sprinkled quite liberally with itching powder. The Royal Ball began on time, and as the last guest entered the courtyard, the draw-bridge was raised. Now, as you all know, a draw-bridge not only keeps gate crashers out, but it is also quite effective at keeping one's guests in. So began the epic "Ball of the Four and Twenty Virgins".

4 and 20 virgins came down from Iverness.

And when the ball was over there were 4 and 20 less.

Chorus:

Oh, show your balls to your partner,
And your ass against the wall.
If you've never been had on a Saturday night,
You've never been had at all.

There were doin's in the parlor, and doin's on the stones.
You could not hear the music through the wheezin's and the moans.

(Chorus)

Oh, the village mortician, he was there all draped up in a shroud,
A swingin' from the chandelier and peein' on the crowd.

(Chorus)

Oh, the village magician he was there and did his show at last,
He swirled his cloak about himself and vanished up his ass.

(Chorus)

Oh, the village cripple he was there, but oh he couldn't do much,
So he lined the lasses against the wall and did it with his crutch.

(Chorus)

Oh, the village postman he was there, but oh he had the pox.
He couldn't lay the ladies so he screwed the letter box.

(Chorus)

Oh, the village idiot he was there, but oh the silly fool.
He sat beneath an oak tree and whittled off his tool.

(Chorus)

Oh, the village mayor he was there, but in the rear of course,
They found him in the stables just a-humpin' on a horse.

(Chorus)

Oh, the village blacksmith he was there, but oh the silly fool,
He travelled half a league and more but he'd forgot his tool.

(Chorus)

The Ballad of Irving

(To the tune of "Big Bad John" by Jimmy Dean)

He was short and fat and rode out of the west,
With a Star of David on his silver vest.
He was mean and nasty right clear through,
Which was kind of weird, 'cuz he was yellow, too.

They called him Irving,
Big Irving.
Big, short Irving.
The hundred-and-forty-second fastest gun. (Bang)

He came from the old Bar Mitzvah Spread,
With a ten gallon Yamulka on his head.
He always followed his mother's wishes,
Even on the range he used two sets of dishes.

Irving,
Big, fat Irving.
Big, sissy Irving.
The hundred-and-forty-second fastest gun, (Bang)
In the west.

A hundred and forty one could draw faster than he,
But Irving was looking for one-forty-three.
Walked in a saloon like a man insane,
And ordered three fingers of Two-cents plain.

Irving,
Big, fat Irving.
Big sport Irving.
The hundred-and-forty-second fastest gun, (Bang)
In the west.

The James Boys was comin' on the train at first sun,
And the town said, "Irving, we need your gun."
Well, that train pulled in at the break of dawn,
Irving's gun was there, but Irving was gone.

Irving,
Big, fat Irving.
Big help, Irving.
The hundred-and-forty-second fastest gun, (Bang)
In the west.

Well, finally Irving got three slugs in the belly.
It was right outside the frontier deli.

He was sitting there twirling his gun around,
And the butter fingers Irving gunned himself down.

Irving,
Big, fat Irving.
Big, dumb-dumb Irving.
Big, dumb-dumb, dead Irving.
The hundred-and-forty-second fastest gun, (Bang)
In the west.
Really.

Girls Just Want to Have Fun

Artist: Cyndi Lauper
Written by: Robert Hazard

I come home in the morning light,
My mother says, "When you gonna live your life right?"
Oh Mother dear, we're not the fortunate ones.
And girls, they wanna have fun.
Oh, girls just wanna have fun.

The phone rings in the middle of the night.
My father yells, "What you gonna do with your life?"
Oh Daddy dear, you know you're still number one.
But girls, they wanna have fun.
Oh, girls just wanna have...

That's all they really want-- some fun.
When the working day is done,
Oh, girls, they wanna have fun.
Oh, girls just wanna have fun.

Some boys take a beautiful girl
And hide her away from the rest of the world.
I want to be the one to walk in the sun.
Oh girls, they wanna have fun.
Oh, girls just wanna have...

That's all they really want-- some fun.
When the working day is done,
Oh, girls, they wanna have fun.
Oh, girls just wanna have fun.

Guys Just Want to get Laid

(to the tune of "Girls Just Want to Have Fun")

You come home from work at night,
Your girlfriend is still waiting for her Mister Right.
Your balls are blue, and your nerves are frayed,
And you just wanna get laid.
Oh, guys just wanna get laid.

You're there in an all-night bar,
And you can't convince her to go out to your car.
Then you realize what a fool you have made,
But you just wanna get laid.
Oh, guys just wanna get...

That's all they really want. To get laid.
When Friday comes and you get paid,
Oh you just wanna get laid.
Oh, guys just wanna get laid.

Some girls take a horny boy
They come on real strong, and then they act real coy.
For a chance at their pants your whole life you would trade,
'Cuz you just wanna get laid.
Oh, guys just wanna get laid.

That's all they really want. To get laid.
When Friday comes and you get paid,
Oh you just wanna get laid.
Oh, guys just wanna get laid.

Superskier

Oh, they called him Superskier
As he sat around the sundeck,
And he swore that he would never spill.
But when they finally took him down,
They had to use three tobagans
To carry all the pieces down the hill.

Chorus:

He was comin' down the mountain
Doin' 90 miles an hour,
When he caught the edge of his ski.

Well his clothes, they were fast,
But the slopes they were faster,
And that's the last of Superskier we shall see.

He hollered. "What the Hell!"
As he put them parallel,
And he figured he had nothin' left to learn.
He was shoutin' "Undele"
As he went shooshing on his way,
Assuming that he would never have to turn.

(Chorus)

He was flipping down the mountain
Going 90 miles an hour,
When a mogul flipped him in to the air.
Well his jumping form was fine
'Til he ran into a pine,
And two one-legged skiers left from there.

(Chorus)

One ski was headed east,
The other headed west.
Both halves were skimmin' mogul like a feather.
He said. "If I must be
A split personality,
How can I keep my knees together?"

(Chorus)

Oh, the moral of my story,
Though my story's kind of gory,
Is very simple even to a dope.
Buy the fastest clothes you can,
Talk skiing like a man,
But don't let people catch you on the slope!

Superskier's Last Race

The starter cried, "Is everybody ready for the race?"
Gordie hollered, "Yes", as he kickturned into place.
And boldly waved to all his friends; a smirk upon his face.
But he ain't gonna ski no more.

Chorus:

Gory, gory, what a helluva way to die.
Gory, gory, it's enough to make you cry.
Gory, gory, it's a sport I'll never try.
And he ain't gonna ski no more.

He taunted his opponents; said, "The race's good as won."
Why, he'd ski the course blindfolded just to add a bit of fun.
With bandaged eyes he jetted off, and his bindings came undone.
Well, he ain't gonna ski no more.

(Chorus)

He felt the wind, he felt the cold, he felt the sudden drop.
He tried to stem, he tried to check, and then he tried to stop.
His fatal error dawned on him; he should have stayed on top.
And he ain't gonna ski no more.

(Chorus)

He hit every pole that set the course and 12 spectators, too.
Two were killed, four were hurt, and six were black and blue.
He came roarin' cross the finish line wearin' garlands of bamboo.
And he ain't gonna ski no more.

(Chorus)

There was crimson on his bindings, there were brains upon his suit.
Intestines were a-hanging from the treetops to the roots.
We scraped him up from off the snow, and poured him from his boots.
And he ain't gonna ski no more.

(Chorus)

Well, they rushed him to the hospital, and fixed him up real great.
But they cut off all his arms and legs, a sad and lonely fate.
Now he's workin' in an office hired as a paperweight.
And he ain't gonna ski no more.

(Chorus)

John Valby / Dr. Dirty

Original versions of John Valby / Dr. Dirty available at

Footprints

Was it you that did the pushin',
Left the stains upon the cushion,
Footprints on the dashboard upside down?
Cuz' if it was you, you sly young pecker,
Who got into my daughter Rebeccer,
Then I think you'd better leave this town.

Came the reply...

Yes, 'twas I who did the pushin',
Left the stains upon the cushion,
Footprints on the dashboard upside down.
But ever since I met your daughter,
I've had trouble passin' water,
So I think that we are even all around.

Eat Bite

(CHORUS):

Eat, bite, fuck, suck, gobble, nibble, chew,
Nipple, bosom, hair-pie, finger-fuck, screw,
Moose piss, cat pud, orangutan tit';
Sheep pussy, camel crack, big lion shit.

I went to a party and what did they do?
They took off their socks and they took off their shoes,
They took off their shirts and they took off their pants.
I had a hunch we weren't gonna' dance.

(CHORUS)

Everybody, everybody's ass was bare.
No bras left, just a queer over there.
The whole damn thing didn't phase me a bit--
I just jumped on the pile and grabbed me some tit.

(CHORUS)

My baby's not a sports fan,

But she plays with balls whenever she can.
Cuz' her favorite sport, you see,
Is playing tonsil-hockey.

(CHORUS)

Pubic Hair Song

I was having me a burger in a dirty greasy-spoon cafe.
I was eatin' it with relish when the man beside me turned to say,
"What's that pubic hair doin' layin' in your bun?"
I said, "I never saw it sittin' there, are you sure it's really one?"
He stood up on the table, and said, "Now looky here,
"I've traveled all over this country, and I know pubic hair."

(CHORUS):

"I've seen pubic hair, man. I've never liked 'em there, man.
I've even got my share, man, beneath my underwear, man.
Stickin' out here and there, man. I've seen pubic hair.

"I've seen great ones, straight ones, always-on-your-plate ones,
Long ones, strong ones, little curly blonde ones,
Red ones, dead ones, layin'-on-the-head ones,
Black ones, brown ones, little ducky-down ones,
Short ones, thick ones, growin'-from-your-dick ones,
Grown ones, shown ones, lone ones, chrome ones.

(CHORUS)

"I've seen bushy ones, cushy ones, up-against-your-pussy ones,
Saved ones, shaved ones, floatin'-in-your-gravy ones,
Dirty ones, flirty ones, fluffin'-up-the-birdy ones,
Neat ones, sweet ones, on-the-toilet-seat ones,
Hipper ones, gripper ones, catch-'em-in-the-zipper ones,
Grown ones, shown ones, lone ones, phony ones

(CHORUS)

Sit on a Happy Face

Springtime is full of laughter,

So sit on a happy face.
I'll brush my teeth right after,
So sit on a happy face.
Uncross your legs, take off my glasses,
And put a pillow under my head.
You'll feel so good, you'll be glad
You decided to spread.

Pick out a spot that's comfy,
May I suggest my nose?
Watch when my pants get lumpy, yeah,
And rub it between your toes.
And spread your cheeks all over the place,
And sit on a happy face!

Yesterday

(to the tune of "Yesterday" by the Beatles)

Leprosy ... all my skin is falling off of me.
I'm not half the man I used to be.
Oh, how did I get leprosy?

Syphilis ... it all started with a simple kiss.
Now it even hurts to take a piss.
Oh, how did I get syphilis?

Why her box was sick, I don't know, she wouldn't say.
Now my dripping dick won't get thick like yesterday.

Yesterday ... my cock was always coming out to play.
Now it needs two weeks to hide away.
Now I believe in yesterday.

Rolls In

(CHORUS):

Rolls in, rolls in. Oh lord how the money rolls in, rolls in.
Rolls in, rolls in. Oh lord how the money rolls in.

My father makes book on the corner,
My mother makes bathtub gin.
My sister makes love for a quarter,

Oh lord, how the money rolls in.

(CHORUS)

My grandma sells cheap phrophylactics,
She punctures the head with a pin.
While grandpa gets rich on abortions.
O lord, how the money rolls in.

(CHORUS)

My cousin's a barmaid in Sydney,
For a quarter she'll strip to the skin.
She's busy from morning 'til evening.
Oh lord, how the money rolls in.

(CHORUS)

My brother's a true missionary,
He saves young women from sin.
He'll save you a beaut for a shilling.
Oh lord, how the money rolls in.

(CHORUS)

My wife is a hooker in Hoton,
A dollar will buy you some sin.
Or a ten spot will buy you the evening.
O lord, how the money rolls in.

Yale

Oh, the freshmen at Yale get no tail,
Oh, the freshmen at Yale get no tail,
To relieve their frustrations they resort to masturbation.
Oh, the freshmen at Yale get no tail.

Oh, the sophomores at Yale get no tail,
Oh, the sophomores at Yale get no tail,
To relieve their frustration they resort to Harvard men.
Oh, the sophomores at Yale get no tail.

Oh, the seniors at Yale get no tail,
Oh, the seniors at Yale get no tail,
That's why half the junior class has to take it up the ass.

Oh, the seniors at Yale get no tail.

Oh, the president of Yale gets no tail,
Oh, the president of Yale gets no tail,
His wife is so frigid, he cannot keep it rigid.
Oh, the president of Yale gets no tail.

Lydia Pinkum

Have you heard of Lydia Pinkum,
And her compound so refined?
It makes pricks like flowing fountains,
And makes cunts go on behind.

(CHORUS):

Then we'll sing, we'll sing, we'll sing of Lydia Pinkum,
And her love, her love, her love for the human race, human race.
How she makes, she bottles, she sells her vegetable compound,
And the papers, they publish her face.

Mrs. Jones had rotten kidneys
And she simply could not pee.
So she took, she swallowed, she gargled some vegetable compound,
Now they pipe her to the sea.

(CHORUS)

Oh, little Johnny, the little bastard,
Through masturbation has lost his vim.
So he took, he swallowed, he gargled some vegetable compound,
And now the rabbits envy him.

Geraldine, she had no breast works,
And she could not fill her blouse.
So she took, she swallowed, she gargled some vegetable compound,
And now they milk her with the cows.

(CHORUS)

Now Mr. Brown had a very small penis,
He could hardly raise a stand.
So he took, he swallowed, he gargled some vegetable compound,
Now he comes in either hand.

Master Brown had very small testes,
They were just like a couple of peas.
So he took, he swallowed, he gargled some vegetable compound,
Now they hang below his knees.

Knock-knock (Gang-bang Song)

Knock-knock!
Who's there?
Lena!
Lena who?
Lena up against the wall--we're gonna' have a gang bang!

(CHORUS)

Oh yes, we will.
Because a gang bang gives us such a thrill.
When I was younger, and in my prime,
I used to gang bang all the time.
But now I'm older and turning grey.
I only gang bang once a day.

Variations:

Charlie Pride (her legs apart at the gang bang).

(CHORUS)

Butch (your dick in gear and have a gang bang).

(CHORUS)

Eisenhower (late for the gang bang).

(CHORUS)

Tijuana (bring your mother to the gang bang).

(CHORUS)

Gladiator (before he took her to the gang bang).

(CHORUS)

Urine (for sloppy seconds at the gang bang).

(CHORUS)

Emerson (nice tits, bitch!).

(CHORUS)

Wilma (finger do 'til I get a boner?).

(CHORUS)

Raygun (brought his own Bush to the gang bang).

Chuga-luga

Here's to brother _____ ,
Brother _____ , brother _____
Here's to brother _____ ,
Who's with us tonight.
He's happy, he's jolly,
He's horny, by golly!
Here's to brother _____ ,
Who's with us tonight.

So drink, motherfucker,
Drink, motherfucker,
Drink, motherfucker,
Drink, motherfucker.
Here's to brother _____ ,
Who's with us tonight.

Morning Sickness*

I never meant to be so bad to you,
But I would itch a week for every time we would screw.
One look from you and I would fall from grace,
So why don't you just sit on my face!

Do you remember when we used to dance,
And I would stick my hands right down your pants?
One thing led to another we were young,
And I would lick your nipples with my tongue.

(CHORUS):

It was the morning sickness,
Telling me you were knocked up,
Morning sickness,
Making me run.

And now you find yourself in '83,
Stuck here in Hoton in the cold U.P.
You can't concern yourself with bigger things.
Forget the wedding and forget the ring.

(CHORUS)

And when your looks are gone and you're alone,
Your Duracells will help you squirm and moan.
You lied to me, you said you took your pills.
You gave me crabs, the clap, and all the bills.

(CHORUS)

*As sung by Ramitt Inn, to the tune
of "Heat of the Moment".

Yie, Yie, Yie, Yie

(CHORUS):

Yie, yie, yie, yie.
Your mother goes down for Egyptians.
So sing me another verse worse than the other verse,
And waltz me around by my Willy.

In the garden of Eden laid Adam,
Complacently stroking his madam.
And great was his mirth, for on all of the earth,
There were only two balls and he had 'em.

(CHORUS) Your mother goes down for Egyptians.

There once was a young lady from Hoboken,
Who claimed her cherry was broken,
From riding a bike on a cobblestone pike.
But it really was broken from pokin'.

(CHORUS) Your mother goes down for Egyptians.

There once was an engineer named Paul,
Who had a hexagonal-shaped ball.
The square of its weight, with his pecker plus eight,
Is his phone number, give him a call.

(CHORUS) Your mother swims after troop ships.

There once was a young man named McSweeney,
Who spilled some gin on his wienie.
Just to be couth, he added vermouth,
And slipped his girl a martini.

(CHORUS) Your mother eats bat shit off cave walls.

An Argentine gaucho named Bruno,
Said fucking is one thing I do know.
All women are fine, and sheep are devine,
But llamas are numero uno.

(CHORUS) Your mother douches with Drano.

There once was a girl named Anheiser,
Who swore that no man could surprise her.
Pabst took a chance, found a Schlitz in her pants,
And now she is sadder Budweiser.

(CHORUS) Your father refills cream donuts.

There once was a young lady from Arden,
Who sucked off a man in a garden.
He said, "My dear Flo, where does all that stuff go?"
And she said, "(gulp) I beg your pardon?"

(CHORUS) Your sister's in love with a carrot.

There once was a young milkman named Schwartz,
Whose cock was all covered with warts.
But women would play with his dick anyway,
'Cuz good ol' Schwartz came in quarts.

(CHORUS) Your father fingers anchovies.

There once was a monk from Siberier,
Whose morals were very inferior.
He did to a nun what he shouldn't have done,

And now she's a mother superior.

(CHORUS) Your brother gives blow jobs to Boy Scouts.

A Rabbi who lived in Peru,
Was vainly attempting to screw.
His wife said, "Oye Vey! If you keep on this way,
The Messiah will come before you."

(CHORUS) Your sister pops farts in church pews.

There once was a young man named Paul,
Who was screwing his girl in the hall.
He slipped a dime in her twat, she asked him, "For what?"
He said, "If I can't come I can call."

(CHORUS) Your mother whips off winos.

There once was a girl named Louise,
Whose cunt hair hung down to her knees.
The crabs in her twat tied the hair in a knot,
And constructed a flying trapeze.

(CHORUS) Your Grandma gives gummers to plumbers.

There once was a young man from Brighton,
Who remarked to his girl, "You're a tight one!"
She said, "Upon my soul, you're in the wrong hole.
There's plenty of room in the right one."

(CHORUS) Sweet gonorrhea.

There once was a young man from Cape Horn,
Who fucked 'til his dick was torn.
This time he did miss, instead of coming he pissed,
And that's when Nixon was born.

(CHORUS) Nixon got an asshole transplant and it rejected him.

There once was a girl from Plunket,
Whose cunt was as big as a bucket.
She said one bright day in the middle of May,
"If your leg was a cock I could fuck it."

(CHORUS) Your mother's so dry the crabs carry canteens.

There once was a man from Sydney,
Who could put it in up to her kidney.
But a man from Tech put it up to her neck.
My, he had a big one, didn't he?

(CHORUS) Your sister puts liplocks on Pollacks.

There once was bishop from Birmingham,
Who buttered three maids while confirming 'em.
While praying to God, he excited his rod,
And he pumped his episcopal sperm in 'em.

(CHORUS) Your mother never wipes, she drip dries.

There once was a young lady from Decator,
Who was laid by a big alligator.
Now nobody knew the result of that screw,
'Cuz after he laid her he ate her.

(CHORUS) Maggot Munchies.

There once was a young man from Rangoon,
Who was born nine months too soon.
He didn't have the luck to be born by a fuck.
He was scraped off the sheets with a spoon.

(CHORUS) Howard Cosell's largest protrusion is his asshole.

There once was a young man from Eling,
Who pounded his rod with great feeling.
And then like a trout, he would stick his mouth out,
And wait for the drops from the ceiling.

(CHORUS) Your mother sniffs OJ's jock strap.

There once was a young man from Nantucket,
Whose cock was so long he could suck it.
He said with a grin, as he wiped off his chin,
"If my ear were a cunt I would fuck it."

(CHORUS) Bullwinkle sucks moose juice.

There once was a man from Iraq,
Who had holes down the length of his cock.
When he got an erection, he'd play a selection,
From Johann Sebastian Bach.

(CHORUS) Thurmon Munson beats off with Reggie Bars.

There once was a lawyer named Murray,
Who said to his client, "Don't worry.
Just open your mouth, I'll get you out.
You'll just have to blow the whole jury."

(CHORUS) Disco freaks suck mirrored balls.

There once was a man from Kanortz,
Whose prick was remarkably short.
When he got into bed, his lady friend said,
"This isn't a prick, it's a wart!"

(CHORUS) Pat Boone uses rubbers when he finger-fucks.

There once was a whore named Maureen,
Whose cunt wasn't kept very clean.
The semen dripped out of her smelly old spout,
Which she scraped up and ate with saltines.

(CHORUS) If you like that you're a sick motherfucker.

There once was a girl named Dot,
Who inserted a fly in her twat.
When you tickle her fuzz, that fucker will buzz,
'Til you glue his wings shut with a shot.

(CHORUS) John Travolta beats off Horshack.

There once was a girl named Betty,
Whose cunt hair stuck together like spaghetti.
She was covered with sleaze all the way to her knees,
You had to part her legs with a machete.

(CHORUS) Your brother fucks Butterball turkeys.

There once was a man named Springer,
Who got his testicles caught in a wringer.
He screamed out in pain as they rolled down the drain,
"There goes my career as a singer."

(CHORUS) Your sister rides bicycles without seats.

There once was a priest from Morocco,

Whose motto was really quite macho.
He said to be blunt, "God decreed we eat cunt.
Why else would it look like a taco?"

(CHORUS) Mr. Spock sucks photon torpedoes.

There once was a man from Brewster,
Who said to his wife as he goosed her,
"This used to be grand, but just look at my hand!
You ain't wipin' as clean as you used to."

(CHORUS) Santa Claus has elf cum on his boots.

There once was a girl named Dot,
Who lived on pig shit and snot.
When she couldn't get these, she ate the green cheese,
Which she scraped from the sides of her twat.

(CHORUS)

You're still a sick motherfucker.
So sing me a chorus of eat the clitoris,
And dance on my balls 'til I'm silly.

Bomb Iran

(to the tune of "Barbara Ann" by the Beach Boys)

Bomb, bomb, bomb, bomb, bomb, Iran.
Bomb, bomb, bomb, bomb, bomb, BOMB IRAN!
Let's take a stand, bomb Iran.
Our country's got a feelin'
Really hit the ceilin', bomb Iran.
Bomb, bomb, bomb, bomb Iran.

Went to a mosque, gonna throw some rocks.
Tell the Ayatollah..."Gonna put you in a box!"
Bomb Iran. Bomb, bomb, bomb, bomb Iran.
Our country's got a feelin'
Really hit the ceilin', bomb Iran.
Bomb, bomb, bomb, bomb Iran.

Ol' Uncle Sam's gettin' pretty hot.
Time to turn Iran into a parking lot. Bomb Iran.
Bomb, bomb, bomb, bomb Iran.

Call the volunteers; call the bombardiers;
Call the financiers, better get their ass in gear.
Bomb Iran. Bomb, bomb, bomb, bomb Iran.
Our country's got a feelin'
Really hit the ceilin', bomb Iran.
Bomb, bomb, bomb, bomb Iran.

Call on our allies to cut off their supplies,
Get our hands untied, and bring em' back alive. Bomb Iran.
Bomb, bomb, bomb, bomb Iran.
Our country's got a feelin'
Really hit the ceilin', bomb Iran.
Bomb, bomb, bomb, bomb Iran.

Bomb, bomb, bomb, bomb, bomb Iran.
Bomb, bomb, bomb, bomb, bomb, BOMB IRAN!
Let's take a stand, bomb Iran.
Our people you been stealin'
Now it's time for keelin', bomb Iran.
Bomb, bomb, bomb, bomb Iran.

Rolly Polly

(CHORUS):

Rolly polly kick-a-my holie, up the slimy slew.
Drag my balls across the halls, I'm one of the sportin' crew.

Oh, the first old maid, she up and said my hole's as wide as the sea.
Ships sail in, ships sail out, it doesn't bother me.

(CHORUS)

Oh, the second old maid, she up and said my twat's as high as a tree.
Squirrels run up, squirrels run down, it doesn't bother me.

(CHORUS)

Oh, the third old maid, she up and said my cunt's as deep as a well.
A farm boy slipped on the edge one day and never knew he fell.

(CHORUS)

Three Blind Crabs

Three blind crabs; three blind crabs.
See how they stumble; see how they stumble.
They must have come from your mother's snatch
The night that she made my pecker twitch.
I bet they were happy to leave the old bitch.
Those three blind crabs; three blind crabs.

See how they run; see how they run.
Now every time that I stick it in
They run from my balls to my chunny-chin-chin.
So hide your pussy, they'll jump right in.
Those three blind crabs; three blind crabs.

Now there's six; now there's six.
They must have been using their little dicks.
I bet they picked up a couple of tricks
Watching me balling those Long Island chicks.
Those three blind crabs; three blind crabs.

Roll Your Leg Over

(CHORUS):

Roll your leg over, roll your leg over;
Roll your leg over and fuck me 'til noon.

I wish all the girls were like fish in a pool;
And I was a shark with a waterproof tool.

(CHORUS)

I wish all the girls were like little red foxes;
I'd be a hunter and shoot up their boxes.

(CHORUS)

I wish all the girls were like holes in the road;
I'd be a dumptruck and dump in my load.

(CHORUS)

I wish all the girls were like statues of Venus;
And I was equipped with a petrified penis.

(CHORUS)

I wish all the girls were like trees in the forest;
I'd be a woodsman and split their clitoris.

(CHORUS)

I wish all the girls were like telephone poles;
I'd be a squirrel and stuff nuts in their holes.

(CHORUS)

Candy Bar Story

One Payday, Mr. Goodbar wanted a Bit-a-Honey, so he took his Miss Hershey behind the Powerhouse on the corner of 5th Avenue and Clark, where he then began to feel her Mounds. And that was an Almond Joy which definitely made his Tootsie Roll. He let out a Snicker as he slipped his Butterfinger up her KitKat, which of course caused the Milky Way. She screamed, "Oh Henry!", and she squeezed his Peter Paul and Zagnuts, and she said, "You're better than the Three Musketeers!"

Barnacle Bill the Sailor

"Who's that knocking at my door? Who's that knocking at my door?
"Who's that knocking at my door?" said the fair young maiden.
"Open the door, you fuckin' whore," said Barnacle Bill the Sailor.
"Open the door, you fuckin' whore," said Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

"Shall we go to the dance?" etc.

"The Hell with the dance and down with your pants." etc.

"What's that thing between your legs?" etc.

"It's only me pole to stick in your hole." etc.

"What's that stuff around your pole?" etc.

"It's only me grass to tickle your ass." etc.

"What's that dripping down your legs?" etc.

"It's only a shot that missed your twat." etc.

"What if we should have a boy?" etc.

"He'll go to sea and fuck like me." etc.

"What if we should have a girl?" etc.
"We'll dig a ditch and bury the bitch." etc.

"What if Ma and Pa should come home early?" etc.
"I'll fuck your ma and ball your pa." etc.

Rover

I'm looking over my dead dog Rover,
That I ran over with the mower.
One leg is broken, another is gone,
A thurd leg is scattered all over the lawn.

There's no need explaining the one remaining,
That's plastered on the kitchen door.
I'm looking over my dead dog Rover,
That I ran over with the mower.

Lulu

(CHORUS):

Bang, bang, Lulu, Lulu bangs all day.
Who we gonna bang on when Lulu goes away?

Lulu had a boyfriend, his name was Tiny Tim.
She put him in the bathtub to see if he could swim.
He sank to the bottom, he floated to the top.
Lulu got excited and grabbed him by his...

(CHORUS)

Lulu had a turtle, Lulu had a duck.
She put them in the bathtub to see if they would...

(CHORUS)

Lulu had a boyfriend, his name was Diamond Dick.
She always saw his diamond, she never saw his...

(CHORUS)

Some girls use Kotex, some girls use rags.

Lulu's twat is so big, she uses burlap bags.

(CHORUS)

Some girls drive pylons, some girls drive Fords.
Lulu drives the bedsprings with fifty other whores.

(CHORUS)

Lulu had a boyfriend, her boyfriend drove a truck.
Lulu liked to shift the gears, her boyfriend liked to...

(CHORUS)

Lulu had a red dress, it buttoned up the front.
And when she went out riding, you could see her...

(CHORUS)

Some girls work in factories, some girls work in stores.
Lulu works in Dollar Bay with a dozen other whores.

(CHORUS)

Lulu had a brother, her brother's name was Tim.
She flushed him down the toilet just to see if he could swim.
He made it past the rapids, he made it past the falls.
When he reached the outhouse, she retrieved him by the balls.

(CHORUS)

Lulu went to Boston, there she met a trucker.
Highball to the bedroom, yelling "Double-clutch me, Motherfucker!"

(CHORUS)

Some girls like the fats one, some girls like 'em thin.
Lulu's in the kitchen greasin' up a rolling pin.

(CHORUS)

Some girls use Kotex, some girls use sheets.
But Lulu don't use nothin', she leaves a trail in the street.

(CHORUS)

Lulu plays hockey, she always gets the puck.
When she's in the corner, she also gets a...

(CHORUS)

Lulu plays football, she always gets to punt.
And every time they huddle, she gets it up her...

(CHORUS)

Dead Skunk

Crossing the highway late last night,
He didn't look left and he didn't look right.
He didn't see the station wagon car,
The skunk got squashed and there you are.

Chorus

You got your dead skunk in the middle of the road.
Dead skunk in the middle of the road.
Dead skunk in the middle of the road.
And it's stinkin' to high Heaven!

I'm tellin' you that ain't no rose.
Roll up your window and hold your nose.
You don't have to look and you don't have to see,
'Cuz you can smell it in your olfactory.

(Chorus)

Well you got your dead cat and you got your dead dog,
On a moonlit night you got your dead toad frog.
You got your dead rabbit and your dead raccoon,
So just drive on by 'cuz it'll make you swoon.

(Chorus)

Fifty Ways to F* Your Lover**

The answer's all inside your head she said to me.
The answer's easy if you take it logically.
I'd like to help you in your struggle to be free.
There must be fifty ways to fuck your lover.

There must be fifty ways to fuck your lover.

She said it's really not my habit to intrude,
And furthermore I hope my meaning won't be lost or misconstrued.
But I'll repeat myself at the risk of being rude.
There must be fifty ways to fuck your lover.
There must be fifty ways to fuck your lover.

Just slip up her crack, Jack. Put it in her hand, Stan.
Pump out the juice, Bruce. Listen to me.
Fuck her in the door, Norm. In the back seat, Pete.
Get her in the eye, Guy. Listen to me.

Pull down her pants, Lance. Give her some head, Fred.
Try a new hole, Joel. Listen to me.
Fuck her in the tit, twit.
Rub her on the cheek, Zeek.
Anywhere at all, Paul.
There must be fifty ways to make your baby feel good.

Roll, Roll, Roll Your Joint

Roll, roll, roll your joint.
Pass it down the line.
Take a toke and hold the smoke.
And blow your fucking mind.

Guzzle, guzzle, guzzle your beer.
Drink and drink some more.
Take a drink, throw up in the sink,
And pass out on the floor.

Snort, snort, snort your coke.
Smoke a little crack.
We'll drag you out when the party's done,
And bury you out back.

Skeeter on my Peter

Chorus:

There's a skeeter on my Peter, whack it off; Whack it off!
There's a skeeter on my Peter, whack it off; Whack it off!
There's a dozen on my cousin, I can hear the bastards buzzin'.

There's a skeeter on my Peter, whack it off.

She was drivin' down the road doin' 293.
When the chain on her motorcycle broke.
Well they found her in the grass, with the muffler up her ass.
And her titties playin' Dixie on the spokes.

(Chorus)

There's a bumner on my hummer, Sweet Marie.
There's a blister on my sister, can't you see.
There's some crap in my lap, I think I got the clap.
There's a skeeter on my Peter, whack it off.

(Chorus)

The Ballad of Big-Ass Lil and Yukon Pete

Grab your glass and take your seat,
And I'll tell you about Big-Ass Lil and Yukon Pete.

Now Lil was the village queen.
The fuckinest whore you'd ever seen.
While some girls fucked with grace and ease,
Lil blew dick like the summer breeze.

But when she fucked, she fucked for keeps,
She piled her victims up in heaps.
There was a rumor in that town
That no man could put Lil's ass down.

But way up north where twin rivers meet,
Lived a one-balled half-breed named Yukon Pete.
Pete was a dirty, mother-less soul
Who fucked bears, sheep, and woodchuck holes.

He got a whiff of Big-Ass Lil
And packed his rubbers and came down the hill.
He strolled into town in size 32 feet.
Draggin' sixteen yards of that red-hot meat.

Well the scene was set at Windy Mill,
By the brick shithouse high on the hill.
All the ladies came for a ringside seat,
Just to watch that half-breed sink his meat.

Well they fucked, and they fucked, and they fucked for hours;
Uprooting trees, shrubs, and flowers.
Lil did backflips, frontflips, and stunts
All unknown to most common cunts.

But Pete caught on to every trick
And kept on pumping in more dick.
Then Lil gave Pete a whorehouse squeeze
That brought that half-breed to his knees.

But Pete came back with a Yukon grunt
That popped out her eyes and split her cunt!
Well Lil rolled over, cut two farts and sighed,
"Boys, I've been fucked," cut one more, and died.

Then they asked that half-breed of his amazing feat,
He just said, "Boys, I'm going back to the Yukon and beat my meat!"

The Revenge of Big-Ass Lil

Many's the night I've had to repeat
The ballad of Big-Ass Lil and Yukon Pete.
But there's more to the story, listen up if you will.
It's called the revenge of Big-Ass Lil.

Lil had a sister named Tight-Twat Tina.
She was a little bit slimmer but a whole lot meaner.
She saddled her mule and rode into town.
She pulled up in the square and pulled her pants down.

"Where is this bastard they call Yukon Pete?
It's time for his dick to go down for defeat.
You fucked Lil to death and called her a whore.
But now it's time that I evened the score."

He heard the challenge and rode to the square,
And found Tight-twat Tina scratchin' her hair.
He whipped out his dick and pumped out a load,
Knockin' that bitch right into the road.

She got right back up and shook off the sperm
And said, "Not bad, boy, but now it's my turn".
She grabbed on his cock, and gave it a twist.
A fresh wad of cream oozed into her fist.

She stroked it with fury, she stroked it with lust.
She made it keep coming until there was dust.
Pete had a grin, but his pecker was limp.
Tina yelled, "Look ladies, Yukon shrimp!"

He started a howlin' and holdin' his balls.
He said, "This is just the first of three falls".
He pumped up his puddah, and found Tina's slit.
Even with a crowbar, no way it's gonna fit.

So he spit in his hand and greased up his pole.
And aimed it once more for her tight little hole.
But she just turned over and lay in the street,
And left Pete a-standing there holding his meat.

"Roll over", cried Pete, "I'll be fucked if I do," cried Tina.
"You'll be corn-holed if you don't," cried Pete.
And corn-holed she was, by a yard of Yukon cock.
When Pete was done humpin', her intestines were in shock.

The score was now even in this battle of lust.
Pete had a pecker all covered with crust.
The smell of his balls almost made Tina gag.
But she kept giving him head 'til she emptied his bag.

"Now it's my turn so get down on your knees,"
Tina said, "and get prepared for the Indian Squeeze!"
She strolled up beside him with nonchalance and ease.
Pete found his nose buried deep in twat cheese.

He struggled for a while, but her grip was too firm.
His nose was up in places never seen by a sperm.
Pete fell down and all the ladies gave a cheer,
But he did a sudden handstand and stuck a boner in her ear.

His balls slapped right up side her head;
His dick was touching brain.
Tina said, "Keep fucking, boy, I've always been insane."
With one last try, Pete gave his best.
He tried the Yukon grunt,
It might have worked, except his nose is wumpus up her cunt.

Tina yelled, "You chauvenist pig. You finally met your match.
I'm Tight-Twat Tina, I got a beartrap for a snatch."

The Sailor Song

I put my hand upon her toe. Yaho, yaho.
I put my hand upon her toe. Yaho, yaho.
I put my hand upon her toe.
She said, "Hey Yankee, you're much too low."
Get in, get out, quit fuckin' about. Yaho, yaho, yaho.

I put my hand upon her knee. Yaho, yaho.
I put my hand upon her knee. Yaho, yaho.
I put my hand upon her knee.
She said, "Hey Yankee, you're kidding me."
Get in, get out, quit fuckin' about. Yaho, yaho, yaho.

I put my hand upon her tit. Yaho, yaho.
I put my hand upon her tit. Yaho, yaho.
I put my hand upon her tit.
She said, "Hey Yankee, quit squeezing it."
Get in, get out, quit fuckin' about. Yaho, yaho, yaho.

I put my hand upon her twat. Yaho, yaho.
I put my hand upon her twat. Yaho, yaho.
I put my hand upon her twat.
She said, "Now Yankee, you've hit the spot."
Get in, get out, quit fuckin' about. Yaho, yaho, yaho.

And now she lies in a wooden box. Yaho, yaho.
And now she lies in a wooden box. Yaho, yaho.
And now she lies in a wooden box.
From suckin' so many Yankee cocks.
Get in, get out, quit fuckin' about. Yaho, yaho, yaho.

End of the Month

You can tell by the smell
That she isn't feeling well
When the end of the month rolls around.
You can guess there's a mess
Way up underneath her dress
When the end of the month rolls around.

Chorus:

For it's hi, hi, hey.

Whatcha got to say.
Shout out your orders loud and clear.
We got super, regular, large.
We got rags to fit a barge.
When the end of the month rolls around.

You can bet it ain't sweat
When her underwear is wet,
When the end of the month rolls around.
You can tell that it itches
By the way she always bitches,
When the end of the month rolls around.

(Chorus)

You would think by the stink
That she isn't in the pink,
When the end of the month rolls around.
Just one sniff and you know she's stiff
But the dogs think it's ter-RIFF!!!
When the end of the month rolls around.

(Chorus)

Your can tell by the stench
That there's trouble up her trench,
When the end of the month rolls around.
Her little Ting starts to sing
When you pull upon the string,
When the end of the month rolls around.

(Chorus)

It'll stick to your dick
Unless you fuck her real quick,
When the end of the month rolls around.
But it's GREAT, when your favorite date
Calls you up and says, "Honey, my period ain't late."
When the end of, the end of the month, rolls around.

The Twelve Days of Christmas

12 twats-a-twicking 6 sacks of shit
11 testicles tingling 5 motherfuckers
10 nipples dripping 4 cocksuckers

9 lezzies licking 3 french ticklers
8 gaping assholes 2 tons of tit
7 scrotums swinging and a hum job in a pear tree

Men

Men, men, men, men.
Men, men, men, men.

Oh, it's great to be on a ship with men
And sail across the sea.
We don't know when or where we'll land.
It's great to be with men.
It's great to be with men.

'Cuz men can stink, and men can sweat
And no one seems to care.
Throw the dishes in the sink,
And clog the drain with hair.
And clog the drain with hair.

Men, men, men.
It's a chip all filled with men.
You never have to lift the seat,
There's no one here but
Men, men, men, men. Men, men, men, men.

There's men above, there's men below,
There's men down in the galley.
There's Butch, there's Biff, there's Spike, there's Sam,
And one guy we call Sally.
And one guy we call Sally.

Men, men, men,
It's a ship all filled with men.
So batten down the ladies room,
There's no one here but
Men, men, men, men. Men, men, men, men.

We're men and friends until the end
And none of us are sissies.
At night we sleep in separate bunks,
And blow each other kissies.
And blow each other kissies.

Men, men, men.
It's a ship all filled with men.
So throw your rubbers overboard,
There's no one here but men.

Ahhhhh, men.

Stroking off in Silence

(To the tune of "Sounds of Silence" by Simon and Garfunkel)

Hello Pecker, my old friend.
I've come to play with you again.
Because a wet dream softly creeping,
Left its seeds while I was sleeping.
And your helmet is firmly planted in my hand.
It will expand.
Strumming off in silence.

In horny dreams I have a bone,
I beat it on the cobble stone.
'Neath the halo of a street lamp,
I see a whore who's gotten very damp.
When I grabbed her thighs
In a flash she was on her back,
She spread her crack.
She twitched her twat in silence.

Fool she said you do not know
How to make a pecker grow.
Whip it out that I might beat you.
Spread your legs that I might eat you.
And my sperm like silent raindrops fell,
And turned to jell.
I stroked it off in silence.

And the ants came out and played,
In the funny mess I made.
And the sign flashed out its warning:
Mom will find it in the morning.
So I rolled out of bed and wiped it up with my shirt.
God, what a squirt!
When stroking off in silence.

Isn't Life Devine?

Last night I stayed up late to masterbate.
It felt so nice, I did it twice.
Last night I stayed up late to masterbate.
It felt so good, I knew it would.

Oh, you should see me working on the short strokes.
I use my hand. It's really grand.
Oh, you should see me working on the long strokes.
It's really neat. I use my feet.

Smash it, bash it, beat it on the floor.
Smite it, bite it, ram it through the door.
Oh, it's so neat to beat your meat
While sitting on the toilet seat.

Isn't life devine?
Feniculi; Fenicula!

I am Pussy

(To the tune of "I am Woman" by Helen Reddy)

I am pussy, hear me lord, my tits are too big to ignore,
And if I don't reach orgasm I pretend.
I've jerked them off before, I've even banged 'em on the floor.
And no one's ever gonna dry hump me again.

Oh, yes, I am wide, it's the perfect place to hide.
Oh, yes, I get wet. They say it's like the tide.
But if I have to I can fuck anything.
I am strong, I am so stretchable, I am pussy.

I am pussy, eat me out. My clit is turning inside out.
And my labia is frothing at the hole.
I'll hump you even stronger, not a novice any longer.
'Cuz you've deepened the destruction of my hole.

Oh, yes, I'm a slut, I'm a Dollar Bay slut.
And if you pay the price, I'll ask you fuck me twice.
And if I have to, I can fuck anything.
I am strong, I am so stretchable. I am pussy!

Lupe

Down in Cunt Valley where jism does flow,
And the cocksuckers work for a nickel a blow.
That's where I met Lupe, the girl I adore,
She's a hot-fuckin', cocksuckin', Long Island whore.

Chorus:

She'll fuck you, she'll suck you, she'll gnaw on your nuts.
Wrap her legs 'round you and squeeze out your guts.
She'll hug you and kiss you 'til you wish you were dead.
But Lupe knows dicks have a ticklish head.

She's easy, she's greasy, she works on the street.
And whenever you see her she's always in heat.
If you leave your fly open she's after your meat.
And the smell of her cunt knocks you right off your feet.

(Chorus)

One day on the prairie no pants on her quim,
A rattlesnake saw her and slipped right on in.
She wiggled, she giggled, it tickled down there.
She had a vagina with rattles and hair.

I got off my pony, I reached for her crack.
But the damn thing was rattlin' and bitin' me back.
I pulled out my pistol and aimed for its head.
I missed the damn rattler and shot her instead.

Now Lupe is dead and she lies on her back.
Thousands of Techies still line up for her crack.
And the smile on her face seems to say, "give me more.
I'm a hot-fuckin', cocksuckin', Long Island whore."

(Chorus)

Three Jolly Coachmen

G D7

One, two, and three jolly coachmen, sat in an English tavern.

G D7 G

Three jolly coachmen, sat in an English tavern.

G G7 C D7 G

And they decided, and they decided,

G G7 C G D7 G

And they decided to have another flagon.

Landlord fill the flowing bowl until it doth run over,
Landlord fill the flowing bowl until it doth run over.
For tonight we'll merry be, for tonight we'll merry be,
For tonight we'll merry be, tomorrow we'll be sober.

And here's to the man who drinks water and goes to bed quite sober,
Here's to the man who drinks water and goes to bed quite sober.
He falls as the leaves do fall, falls as the leaves do fall,
Falls as the leaves do fall, he'll die before October.

Here's to the man who drinks dark ale and goes to bed quite mellow.
Here's to the man who drinks dark ale and goes to bed quite mellow.
He lives as he ought to live, lives as he ought to live,
Lives as he ought to live, and dies a jolly good fellow.

And here's to the maid who steals a kiss and runs to tell her mother,
Here's to the maid who steals a kiss and runs to tell her mother.
She's a foolish, foolish thing, she's a foolish, foolish thing,
She's a foolish, foolish thing, for she'll not get another.

And here's to the maid who steals a kiss and stays to steal another,
Here's to the maid who steals a kiss and stays to steal another.
She's a boon to all mankind, she's a boon to all mankind,
She's a boon to all mankind, for she'll soon be a mother.

The National Embalming School

(To the tune of "Oh Christmas Tree")

We live for you, we die for you, The National Embalming School.
We do our best to give you rest, The National Embalming School.
We help you on your way to Heaven, for only fifteen ninety-seven.
We live for you, we die for you, The National Embalming School.

Post mortem, post mortem, post mortem, autopsy we must have.
Post mortem, post mortem, post mortem, autopsy we must have.
Cut, hack, slash, slice, for we must have a reason,
God how the body smells, it must be out of season.

We live for you, we die for you, The National Embalming School.
We do our best to give you rest, The National Embalming School.
For those of you who care to wait, we have a low off-season rate.
We live for you, we die for you, The National Embalming School.

